

# THE NEW EDITION

Tuesday, October 1, 1985

Volume VII Issue II



## GIANT PANDAS



In an exclusive interview with *The New Edition*, P.C. Leadership Candidate Dennis Timbrell comments on Grossman, Free Trade, Underfunding, and Peterson:



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#### 1985-86 Masthead

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# EDITORIALS

## Reassessing Bhopal: Who is to Blame?

by Scott Hardie

On the night of December 1, 1984, the central Indian city of Bhopal was the scene of the worst industrial accident in recorded history when deadly methyl isocyanate gas (MIC) escaped from a Union Carbide Co. plant. Thousands died and untold thousands were treated for what was believed to be permanent eye damage. The lives of hundreds of thousands were tragically altered. Worst of all, most of the victims were children because the immune systems of the very young are immature.

By now we've heard long and detailed stories that try to explain *how* the reaction was caused that resulted in the leak of the deadly MIC gas. Analysts have pointed to the design of the safety systems, the possible violation of safety standards at the plant, the response of plant employees, and the role of the refrigerating unit. Most experts agree that the disaster was caused by a combination of all the factors. Nevertheless, their hypotheses do not answer the bigger question: who or what is to be held responsible for this unprecedented catastrophe?

When news of the disaster became public, most people immediately attached the blame to Union Carbide Co., usually before they assessed the pros and cons of the situation. It was a carbide plant, they argued, hence it was Carbide's fault.

I don't agree with this line of reasoning. Though the Bhopal plant is almost exactly the same as a Carbide facility in Institute, West Virginia, it seems unlikely such a catastrophe could have occurred there. Before Bhopal, no one would have considered ominous the minor and quickly corrected MIC leaks that have occurred at Institute over a five year period. The West Virginia plant is governed by U.S. Occupational Safety and Health Association rules that require inspection of tanks, pipes, valves, etc. at specified intervals. And Carbide has complete control over hiring, training, and operation at the plant, ensuring accountability and a high interest in preventing problems.

In contrast, Carbide does not have complete control over the operations

of the bhopal plant. The plant in Bhopal is the captive of the national government, which insisted that the company produce in India, staff the plant with Indian nationals, and give Indian investors half the ownership. All this implies major responsibility.

Furthermore, the safety and health regulations that govern Bhopal operations are not as stringent as those applied in Institute. It took two hours to detect the leak in Bhopal, and it took two more hours before the warning whistle was blown.

Union Carbide built the Bhopal factory to American standards in the 1970s and began producing MIC in 1980. The company probably could have made much more money by simply exporting the stuff to India, but the government insisted on some local "job creation" in return for access to their big market. Thus, I find hard to swallow the argument that Carbide is just another multinational corporation bent on exploiting Third World populations, without regard for their well-being. I also find it impossible to dismiss, as many critics tend to, the fact that Carbide has played a crucial role in the successful effort to triple food production in India in three short decades.

When Carbide built the Bhopal plant in 1970, it was built in an open and uninhabited countryside. Then, in a social reform program, the government encouraged the poor to build tin shack towns around the plant's perimeter. Moreover, the government licensed the plant and a license implies government sanction for the siting and operations.

So, if anything victimized India, it was the mismanagement of technology. Punishment, if warranted, should go to the humans who erred—and the political system that malfunctioned. True, Union Carbide Co. had, and has, an interest in Bhopal. After all, the factory bears the Carbide logo. But, as has already been explained, Carbide was limited to what actions it could take to ensure the safe operation of the plant in Bhopal. Union Carbide Co. has similar plants spread across the globe; but in places where safety regulations are stringently enforced, such as Institute, W. Va., a disaster of this magnitude is unlikely ever to happen.

## Stabbings: Who is at Fault Here Anyway?

By Robert Gordon

In the spring of 1981 former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was quoted by the *Globe and Mail* as saying that "in this country we have a syndrome of placing the blame on the victim." Events following the stabbings at Hart House last week certainly verify this observation.

On Friday October 20, just before midnight, two U of T students were stabbed outside of Hart House. The immediate knee jerk response of Campus Beverage Services and Hart House officials was to curtail pub activities. "Cheeks", the pub outside of which the incident occurred has been closed indefinitely. Moreover, New College's "Roscoes" was required to stop selling alcohol at midnight.

When pub-going students are assaulted the powers that be propose to solve the problem by closing the pubs. If foreign students were assaulted would the university begin to refuse them admission? This solution reeks of indifference and unconcern.

Similarly, does the claim that it was non-university students who perpetrated the assault absolve the university from blame? Would the university consider itself somehow culpable or unconcerned if university students assaulted citizens who are not students? This issue is also a red herring. It has nothing to do with the essentials of the situation.

The question is, how did a fight become a brawl become a stabbing?

Were the campus police first contacted at 11:30 or 11:43? Where were they throughout the incident and had they been present would they have defused the situation or become casualties themselves?

U of T police chief Greg Albright claims that his department recieved the first call concerning the incident at 11:43. Peter Wall, assistant warden of Hart House, claims that they were called at 11:30. For some reason, thirteen minutes are missing.

Secondly, it is reported that U of T police arrived on the scene at 11:55, yet a call from them was noted at the campus police station at midnight. However, if they arrived after the Metro police, as they claim, how does one explain the Metro police investigators' statement that they arrived between five and ten minutes after midnight.

Evidence indicates that the campus police may have taken up to 40 minutes to respond to the first call from Hart House. However, serious doubts remain about their potential effectiveness, even if they had arrived during the altercation. Equipped with virtually no training and certainly no weapons, would a campus police officer risk his life in

These questions must be considered. Blaming the victim may conveniently and quickly close the issue, but this is the U. of T. Investigation and insight are supposed to be more important than haste.

# LETTERS

## This Stinks

*The Editors.*

*Re: Tainted Tuna*

*Sadly enough, the tongue in cheek referral to Ethiopia and tuna is true. Starkist officials, upon discovering the state of its product, contacted relief agencies of donations. It was promptly refused.*

It's interesting how we believe that something we won't eat will be heartily welcomed by someone else.

Yours truly,

Elmer Kim

## Get Physical

I was somewhat amused to see your challenge to *the newspaper* in last month's paper.

I personally am a Maple Leaf Wrestling fan and would love to see this fine sport grace the fields of this ultra-conservative university. I would also give anything to see John Daly in a pair of pink pajamas getting set to take on this Parasite or Paradise character of yours. Even better, how about a steel-cage match between Scott Hardie and that Miller fellow against Dave Eddy and St. Michael's John Cannine?!

Seriously, though, I'd really like to see more friendly rivalries taking place between U. of T.'s plethora of newspapers. Whether it be a kick boxing event or tiddy-winks you are bound to get a raucous audience.

Sincerely yours, An avid sports fan.





## Timbrell plays to grassroots in leadership bid

By Kealan Doyle and Philip Malcolmson

A year ago, the Ontario Progressive Conservative Party was at the height of its popularity under the leadership of William Davis. Since then, a disastrous showing at the polls and the subsequent resignation of Frank Miller left the P.C.s "hurt, confused, and divided." The New Edition interviewed Dennis Timbrell, one of the candidates in the current leadership race. Timbrell has been an MPP for nearly 14 years, holding a wide variety of cabinet posts, most recently in the Women's Issues portfolio.

**N.E.:** Do you see yourself as representing the rank and file of the Ontario Progressive Conservative Party?

**D.T.:** Yes, very much so. I think there is a very strong desire, even a demand, among the grass roots that they have a meaningful role in policy formulation and the direction of the party. I have made it very clear that this is my approach.

**N.E.:** How does your position differ from that of your leadership rivals, Mr. Grossman and Mr. Pope?

**D.T.:** I think Mr. Grossman's and my style are very different in terms of the way we would organize the party and formulate policy. My approach over the years, even as a minister, was one of broad consensus-taking and discussion of evolving policy.

**N.E.:** Does Grossman rely too much on polling and the party machine?

**D.T.:** I think it would be a mistake on my part to try to build support for myself by trying to knock anybody. That's not the way I've ever campaigned; I would rather point to my track record. I do believe that the approach that has been used in recent years is no longer appropriate. The best polling system that exists is our caucus and our riding and other associations when it comes to having an accurate reading of the province on an issue.

**N.E.:** Turning to free trade, Premier Peterson has repeatedly called for a careful approach to the issue. What is your position on free trade?

**D.T.:** Peterson has backed himself into a corner. He is almost building Fortress Ontario. My position is the following: We are never going to see free trade in the sense of an open border. We don't want it, the Americans don't want it. But we would be damn fools if we didn't sit down with the Americans and attempt to work out the problems that do exist in our trading relationship. At the present time, there are approximately 400 pieces of protectionist legislation before the American Congress, any or all of which are bound to hurt Canada, and Ontario in particular.

Most of those pieces of legislation are not aimed at Canada, but at the European Economic Community, Japan, and other parts of the world that have adopted very strong protectionist bills. We export more per capita in Ontario than almost any other part of the world. 75 percent of what we export goes to the USA.

We'd be fools not to keep relations on a good basis.

**N.E.:** Certainly there are going to be structural changes that would take place with a free trade agreement. What future do you see for textiles, clothing, shoes, and certain elements of the agricultural community?

**D.T.:** There are some things that are not negotiable from the outset, and foremost is our national culture. Secondly, our agricultural sector is



key; we should always strive for the maximum amount of self-sufficiency. I can't predict what the Americans will put on the table, but if we sit back and do nothing, then we are going to continue to lose.

But there is another trade problem—trade within our own country. We've got a lot of problems with interprovincial trade. That is just as dangerous as anything that happens in the international arena.

**N.E.:** Underfunding is a major issue on campus. Partial privatization has been brought up as an option. Do you consider this a viable option?

**D.T.:** I think that there should be greater involvement by the private sector. There should be more of an effort made to link industry with work that is done within the universities. But if we are talking about

privatization in the sense of turning over whole universities or faculties to the private sector, then no, I don't agree with it.

**N.E.:** There has been considerable speculation over the Liberal-NDP coalition; many feel that it will not last the allotted two years. How do you respond to this?

**D.T.:** I don't think that accord is worth the paper it is written on. I think as soon as the Liberal ministers were sworn in and picked up the keys to their limousines, they started thinking in terms of the next election. If it hadn't been for Frank Miller's announcement on August 20, they would probably have found an excuse to break that agreement and call an election this fall. As for the date of the next election, it will largely rest on the Progressive Conservative Party.

If we come out of our convention united and moving on a plane of action they will likely put off the election to no later than the fall of 1986. But if we come out of the convention divided, Peterson will call an election as soon as he can.

**N.E.:** As the last Progressive Conservative minister of women's issues, how do you view the current debate on equal pay legislation?

**D.T.:** I know damn well that they (the Liberals) are going to try to take credit for the current proposals on equal pay for work of equal value. But the legislation was written by us.

**N.E.:** What is the difference between your position on equal pay and the NDP position?

**D.T.:** The NDP don't have a view except that they want to implement it immediately. When the NDP introduced equal pay in Manitoba last June, they exempted the private sector. They didn't even put in place a plan for introduction of it in the private sector. All the parties are on the record as supporting the principle.

What I started to put in motion was the process for implementing the principle in both the public and private sectors.

**N.E.:** Do you think that Alan Pope's delegates, assuming he is eliminated after the first ballot will swing to your side?

**D.T.:** I hope so. From what I have seen so far of Mr. Pope's comments, it would seem he is just as concerned as I am that the control of the party not be with a select few but rather be broadly based throughout the party.

## Orientation Week: A Critical Look Back

by Randy Brant

Orientation week is the high point for NCSC. It takes the most planning and preparation, and a lot can be learned about the capabilities of the Current New College Student Council. The following is a list of the Orientation Week activities, complete with an analysis of how well they were run, how much fun they were, and an overall rating of the event.

### Triumphs

#### Quad Capers

As always, Quad Capers is a great deal of fun, a lot of silly games, and a lot of water. The snake dance is, of course, the highlight of the evening with hundreds of students tied together, running around campus chanting, "We're from New F— you!"

Needless to say, this festivity is a fabulous way to both initiate the frosh and get them to know each other. The only problem with this year's version was a lack of organization, which resulted in some close calls between students and cars.

Team leaders should have been given specific tasks, but instead they were left to do whatever they pleased. A suggestion for the future would be that a parade permit be obtained (Vic. does this). In this way the event will be a lot safer.

#### Milk Pub, Toga Party, Concert in the Quad, First Roscoes

The NCSC has certainly demonstrated its ability to throw a good party. The aforementioned events were all well run and resulted in good times

for all.

The Riverstreet Band at the Concert in the Quad was particularly great. The only problem at these events, though, may have been the lack of alcoholic beverages for day students. Most residents go up to their rooms now and then during unlicensed events for a drink, but this is a little difficult for day students to do, and could make them feel left out.

A suggestion here would be to have more licensed events. Not that alcohol is necessary for a good time, but let's face it, during Orientation, that is what people want to have.

### Duds

#### Campus Tour/Beach Party

When the very first event of Orientation Week is a campus tour, including a library slide show, it is no wonder that day students didn't make the trip. This was just plain boring. The beach party was a little better, but they ran out of punch after five minutes and the music they played wasn't beach music.

#### Shinerrams

Although this event was not organized by NCSC they were responsible for implementing it, and doing so in terrible fashion. Western U. does this event every year, raising a lot of money for Cystic Fibrosis, so why can't we?

The NCSC had things screwed up from the very start. The starting time was not printed on the Dis'orientation information sheet and even the team leaders didn't know the starting time until the beach party. When no one showed up for the event a half-

hearted attempt to knock on doors in residence was a case of too little, too late. This is a class event which lacks only proper organization. Maybe in the future a challenge could be issued to one of the other colleges to see who brings in the most money. This might get more people out.

#### Toronto Trivia

This was a very well organized event but, once again, it just didn't look exciting enough to attract people to come out.

#### Marigold Bells

Almost everyone who went on the trip had a great time, but it still lost a great deal of money. It must be decided whether the amount of money spent can be justified by the numbers of people on the trip.

On the other hand, perhaps a much better advertising campaign would make some students realize that this festivity is not to be missed.

Overall, Orientation Week can only be rated as average. The evening events were quite good but the version events were all dogs, with very little in the way of day student involvement. Another problem seemed to be that the Terri Rutledge schedule (from last year's orientation) was used almost verbatim. Terri had some fabulous ideas and was a great innovator, but the innovation process must be continued. There were virtually no new ideas put forward by the council this year, and this is rather sad. On average Orientation week is not good enough, and greater efforts should be made to improve this rather unenviable tradition.



# Ex-Cult Members Speak Out

By Jonathan Ausubel

The University of Toronto's Cult Awareness Week drew to a close on Tuesday afternoon with a discussion led by a panel consisting of three ex-cult members. Marie-Christine Haworth, Marilyn Sapsford, and Phillip David, through the Children of God, EST, and Maranatha respectively, questioned any doubts as to these cults' intentions with their individual stories.

First, a distinction should be made between the two fundamentally different structures cults take: therapeutic cults and youth cults. A therapeutic cult is one which deals in middle aged, financially secure people. These cults do not require their members to live in communes or restrict them from seeing family and friends. They often hold seminars in geographically diverse regions, inviting their members to attend. By contrast, youth cults require recruits to live away from family and provide "support" for their members.

The stories presented by the three were similar in that each had an initial curiosity and was quickly pulled in.

Marie-Christine said that she heard about the Children of God as a social work group, and that they held week long programs to introduce interested people to the organization and its function. Within that one week, she said, she was programmed to believe that the end of the world was near, and that her mission was to save it "by handing out pamphlets that contained 'the truth', which would flow out of the pamphlets and into the minds of the people who read them."

The Children turned her against her family and the institutions of modern society. She lost all sense of time handing out pamphlets 8-10 hours a day. As her time with the cult grew, she was told to ask people for donations, and eventually was given a quota of people to recruit. If, at the end of the allotted period, she did not have these recruits, she was locked out of the commune, without a place to sleep. She then added a terrifying story to this more general one.

Moses David, who founded Children of God in 1968, has said "God is love and we must give God."

Giving God, Marie-Christine said, involved "dressing up nicely and going to discos, bars, etc., in order to offer sexual favors for donations to the organization."

Marie-Christine eventually became leader of several of the cult's communes in Belgium. She said that her commune alone would collect about \$10,000 per month in donations, 10 percent of which went directly into a Swiss bank account registered to Moses David, while she and the other members wore ragged clothes and shoes with more holes than soles.

Most people do not think of EST as a cult, but Marilyn Sapsford's story is likely to change this. EST, which carries the double entendre of being an acronym for Erhard Seminar Training as well as a case of the French verb 'to be', has changed its name to The Forum worldwide due to bad press. Marilyn described EST as a therapeutic cult.

Her initial involvement came when she attended a pair of seminars conducted by them. For \$400, she got two weekends (9 a.m.-4 p.m. both Saturday and Sunday) of intensive training that left her "emotionally, physically, and spiritually drained." During these seminars, she said, participants (there were about 200 in a high school gymnasium) were only allowed to leave their seats at designated break periods. They were



Church of Scientology, Toronto

## Cult Awareness Week

forbidden to wear wrist watches and speak to anyone other than the seminar leader. She also pointed out that the very structure of the room (newspaper-covered windows, perfectly arranged rows of desks, no clocks, etc.) created a perfect brainwashing atmosphere. Hypnotism was used under the guise of "relaxation exercise" several times during the seminars. When asked further about the methods used during these seminars, she said that in addition to

the layout of the room, any individual who spoke out and questioned the proceedings was criticized and insulted on a very personal level.

"(The seminars) were a way of beating someone down; a systematic method of breaking someone physically and mentally," she said.

After the second of these weekends, she "felt like a new person." Indeed, when a family member suggested that she might be involved with a cult, she would hear none of it.

Marilyn further described herself as a "seminar junkie." She would attend seminars conducted by various groups (a.k.a. cults) around the continent. Her awareness of involvement in cults came after participation in several seminars offered by a group known as Enlightenment Intensive. They used many of the EST techniques in their meetings. For the first of these, she paid \$350 and found out that this particular group was using eastern mysticism and philosophy. She became enthralled by this group and their leader, Mr. Islas. In fact, she had private counselling sessions with him for the nominal fee of \$50 per hour. She added that he would see many people a day in this capacity.

As her association with Enlightenment Intensive expanded, the group led her into occult rituals aimed at finding all elusive Truth. Describing one session where participants were trying to focus on an "inner light," Marilyn said, "I felt like I understood and was at one with the powers of the Cosmos. I thought I was God."

Philip David's account of his Maranatha involvement, which was also detailed in *The Star* several weeks ago, seemed to strike the audience most.

David, a student at Ryerson, was looking for Christian activities. He felt his church, and all churches for that matter, were lacking in substance and inspiration. When he heard about a lecture offered by a Christian group at Hart House dealing with the ties between Satanic themes and rock music, he decided to attend. He said he was treated very warmly at this meeting, and when he went to speak to the minister, a burly 6'2" man, he was hugged by him. In the ensuing conversation, the minister urged him to attend further meetings and also to get baptized.

"They were a bit weird, but I liked it. They didn't get too weird for a while," he said in a soft-spoken manner that brought nervous laughter from the audience.

Indeed, he said that Maranatha's doctrine was that God would let you know exactly what to do and what not

cont. on p. 6

## Cult children: Born into slavery?

by Dentse Coombs

Marcia Ruden addressed the topic "The Status of Women and Child Abuse in Cults" at New College on Monday, September 23. Ruden has an M.A. in religion, and is co-author of *Prison or Paradise? The New Religious Cults*. Her speech was part of the Second Annual Cult Awareness Week at U. of T., coordinated by the Jewish Students' Union.

Linden began by contrasting cults with traditional religions. Cults are characterized as groups which exploit and abuse (psychologically or physically) their members, using deceptive tactics in the process.

Women, she reports, tend to fare worse in cults than do men. Crucial decisions, such as the choice of sexual partners, and if and when to have children, are often manipulated by cult leaders. Many cults do not believe in seeking medical attention, which can lead to inadequate birthing procedures and pre- and post-natal care. Linden cited the testimonies of former female cult members (from the Children of God and Rajneesh cults) who claim to have been sexually abused and even forced into

prostitution.

Although Linden considers cults potentially dangerous to any members, the fate of children is of special concern. Most children are born into these groups, so it cannot be claimed that they have exercised free will in joining. She asserts that there are "humane" or substantiated cases of extreme physical or psychological abuse involving children inside cults. Some cults (such as the Rajneesh) offer virtually no supervision or discipline, while others routinely beat children for minor wrongdoings.

In the famous Jonestown Cult, children worked twelve hours a day in the fields under the scorching hot sun. Not surprisingly, psychotherapists treating children from various cults report that they are often abnormally unemotional and unresponsive.

Linden believes that legislating cults away is not the answer, because the ideals of religious pluralism and individual rights are precious. But public education is one way of dealing with the potential dangers inside cults.

She also advocates an improvement in the ability of states to monitor activities within cults. This, however, is

difficult because some cults are physically isolated; in many cases children do not attend public schools (where child abuse might be detected); and most cults vehemently oppose state intervention.

After Linden's speech a Christian Scientist in the audience accused her of recounting a few horror stories and speaking in generalities. His accusations were justified, and the generalities detracted from what was still an informative session. Linden apologized several times for generalizing, and defended herself by saying that most cults are remarkably similar in any way.

Indeed, Cult Awareness Week itself has drawn criticism from some civil and religious rights activists. They claim that people are exercising free will and have the right to choose the lifestyle they prefer, as long as third parties are not injured. While this is certainly true, two points Linden made should not be ignored: First psychological manipulation within the closed environment of a cult is possible. Second, children who do not freely choose their "alternative lifestyle" must be of concern to all.

## N.C. Yearbook Returns

By Russ Howe

After a year of hibernation, the New College yearbook is back and promises to be better than ever. Due to a lack of interest and proper organization there was unfortunately no yearbook to record the '84-'85 year at New College. This caused an uproar among students, and this year New College has committed the funds and personnel to produce a high quality yearbook to commemorate the '85-'86 academic year.

Heading up the new (no pun intended) and enthusiastic yearbook team is Jeff Measures, an NCSC veteran with professional training in the production of yearbooks. He is in search, however, of committed staffers to help him in his efforts. Working on the yearbook this year promises to be a lot of fun, as well as a learning experience.

No experience or special skills are required to work on the yearbook and Jeff would appreciate all the help he can get. Moreover, rumours of a great party at the end of the year are already circulating.

The quality of this year's edition of the yearbook should surpass that of any previous edition. It will be sporting a hard cover with some inspired home grown artwork. The book will be filled with photos of the year at New and a special colour section will

grace the middle pages. Top notch photographers and a large batch of new ideas promise to produce a professional and innovative product, a steal for a mere \$14, considering the price of textbooks nowadays. The books can be ordered right now at the NCSC office.

This edition of the yearbook will be putting a special focus on the theme of day students. If you've noticed anybody running around with a camera at one of the multitude of New College sponsored events, it was probably one of our photographers getting your picture for inclusion in the yearbook. Although residence is an important part of New College life, the day students will, this year, constitute a major section of the yearbook.

All in all the New College yearbook looks to be a winner this time around.

The residents will be getting their traditional coverage, while day students will be getting a much improved status. So far the sales in residence have been excellent while the day students have so far failed to carry their fair share. So get in touch with Jeff Measures and offer him your services or your money for the best New College yearbook to date.

Students wishing to get involved with the yearbook can contact Jeff Measures via the NCSC office, New College room 2007.

Not Fifty Years  
but Fifty Issues

FIVE—O



so you missed the first  
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## M.A.C stalls budget proceedings

By Randy Brant

Sunday's NCSC budget was not the uneventful affair it has been in the past. In fact, it ended up with virtually no tangible results, leaving many questions unanswered.

The meeting began normally with election of speaker Maria Papare and then presentations by the Yearbook and *The New Edition* requesting funds. The council then began examining proposed budgets, which will be cut down and voted on later. Missing during the presentations was Rob Raeroft, the Men's Athletic Commission (MAC) director. He had sent someone in his place, but did not provide a budget. After a considerable break, all budgets were passed, but it was decided that the overall budget could not be accepted without the MAC proposal.

It was suggested that MAC be left with no money, but Scott Cameron

stated correctly that they would be forcing the students to suffer because of Mr. Raeroft's irresponsibility.

Greg Hancock suggested that MAC be given an amount of money or, in effect, a "blank cheque" so that the budget could be ratified. Neil Graham, NCSC President, said that they to have a solid proposal from MAC and that none of the overall budget could be passed without the MAC budget. Graham remarked in disgust "we just spent three hours in an exercise of futility".

As a result of this, NCSC was forced to break its own constitution, which states that the budget must be before September 30. A motion was passed giving the NCSC executive full fiscal power until the budget can be ratified, and a meeting will be held later in October for the overall proposal.

but could do nothing to stop it.

Eventually, these miscarriages of Christianity caused him to break from Marantha. His closing statement, about the best prayer he ever made, elicited a loud round of applause from the audience of fifty.

"The best prayer I ever made," he said, "was 'thank you, Jesus, for saving me from these evil men.' At one time I had believed these men were messengers of Christ."

When asked what the prime purpose of a cult was, the panel had some interesting responses. "(Moses David) wanted a little army of little soldiers," said Marie-Christine.

The response of the other two was basically that these leaders are seeking money and, most of all, power. Marilyn also pointed out that "it is possible to derive benefit from a cult, but that end is incidental to the aims of the organizers. They are after power and money. They have no concern for their followers beyond their capacity to be dominated and used."

Budget from p. 5

to do, provided you prayed and followed the teachings of the group. He was not forced to do things, but was strongly urged. Feelings of guilt ensued if he did thus against God's dictum. God, of course, spoke largely through the minister.

Phillip slowly began to notice that Marantha took quotations from the Bible completely out of context, and that the ministers would often change their interpretations to fit a particular situation. He said that he also began to notice that the group and ministers would "go through the Christian motions, but would not follow Christian doctrine."

Though a series of Scriptural misrepresentations cast serious doubts in his mind, he could not break his obsession with Marantha. In a matter of three weeks, he said, the minister managed to convert him from an NDP supporter to a staunch Conservative—a supporter of U.S. President Ronald Reagan. He was fully aware of this change as it was happening,



# ARE YOU LONELY?

One month into the school year, The New Edition conducted an informal breakfast in Wilson Hall Cafeteria. The debate on the perennial issue of alienation at U. of T. was the subject: Do you feel overwhelmed by Toronto and the U. of Toronto? Is it an alienation factory?



There are 67 (students) in physio and I know them all and we all get together and have a great time.

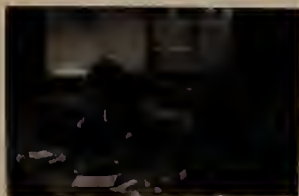
I think it would depend on what Faculty you are in. I'm in pharmacy, there are only 600 students and all the social functions are organized by that group.



The house is a small group of guys. The College is a larger group.



The university is isolated, everything is here. They (students) might grow up in an unreal world.



Not at all. If you stay here, within the College. I find it more laid back than impersonal. It isn't as stuffy because of the presence of the professional faculties.

Not New College.



# ...YOU SAID IT

Frankly, folks, your answers amazed us. Are you really that satisfied?

# CRITTERS



## Animal Re

By Nigel Miller

If you've ever cringed at the thought of embracing a writhing boa constrictor, or shied away from the prospect of hand feeding beetle larvae to a baby iguana, then perhaps inhabiting a house full of exotic animals is not your idea of blissful co-existence. However, there are two very special people in Toronto who wouldn't think of having it any other way.

Susan Vickberg and Mike Friend, the amiable fellow who is commonly referred to as "Fuzz" by those who frequent the Innis Pub, both exhibit such a profound affection for their animals that upon visiting their abode one is compelled to recall the efforts of a distinguished little doctor who went by the name of Doolittle.

Unlike their ficititious counterpart, however, Vickberg and Friend have a particular affinity for those creatures who have traditionally been misunderstood and often maligned and abused by man. Their private collection, probably one of the largest and certainly the most diverse of its kind in the city, includes close to a hundred turtles and tortoises, some thirty lizards, numerous snakes ranging from a foot to well in excess of four yards in length, several frogs and toads, dozens of exotic birds, a three-foot Caiman, whose closest relative is the American Alligator, and innumerable fish and rodents, many of which serve as meals for the other beasts.

Vickberg, who has had almost a lifelong bond with turtles in particular said that she and Friend have a common interest in exotic animals that has grown together with them. Their desire at this point is to shed a number of misconceptions that people have about these animals.

The couple have given several shows at elementary schools in order to help children understand that rep-

# TALKING TO PANDAS

During three days in early September, Sai Paradise lived with Quing Quing and Quan Quan, the two panda bears at the Metro Toronto Zoo, risking life and limb to gain their acceptance and trust. The panda bears eventually came to accept Paradise, although his inability to crush bamboo disturbed them. Three harrowing days culminated in the following interview, a first in Canadian journalism.

N.E.: A great deal of media coverage centred on your arrival. On July 15 at 8 p.m. you arrived at the Pearson International Airport.

Q.Q.: That's right! The flight was named the "Panda Express."

Q.Q.: Considering your people's safety record this year, we are extremely glad that we arrived safely.

N.E.: This is your first overseas trip. Do you have any general observations?

Q.Q.: We wanted to go to Vancouver; the zoo in Stanley Park is beautiful. However, our agents, the World Wildlife Fund (WWF) and the Chinese Wildlife Conservation Association (CWCA) whom we represent, and the Vancouver Zoo couldn't reach an agreement.

N.E.: You are classified as carnivores, yet exist primarily on a diet of bamboo. How has the food been?

Q.Q.: Excellent! Over 100 kilos of bamboo is flown in from San Francisco every other day.

Q.Q.: Much to my dismay, I have not yet been able to sample McDonalds

food. There are five McDonalds at the zoo, and food often says very much about a culture. Possibly food at McDonalds is indicative of the quality of society in general. Forgive me, I distress.

matters, how is the situation in your homeland?

Q.Q.: The problem is a temporary but recurring shortage of bamboo. Traditionally, we have migrated during these situations, but in the



Quing Quing & Quan Quan

N.E.: A few days this summer you people looked very hot. How has the climate treated you?

Q.Q.: Despite Metro Zoo Board Chairman Ron Barbaro's claim that "the summers in Toronto are very similar to the climate found in China," we have been very uncomfortable on some occasions.

Q.Q.: This problem has been accentuated by the lack of trees in the panda pen. Unfortunately, the panda pen has not lived up to our expectations.

N.E.: Barbaro claimed that you would be treated "like Chinese ambassadors."

Q.Q.: That being the case, we should have stayed with the human delegation at the Ramada Inn and worked 9 to 5 here at the zoo.

Q.Q.: Overall, we have been treated well, but the lack of shade is atrocious.

N.E.: Turning to more important

1980s this is impossible. Our dilemma is akin to that of the Lakotah (Sioux) in North and South Dakota 100 years ago.

Urbanization, roads, and railroads divided the plains and destroyed the movement of the buffalo herds. Similarly, urbanization has eliminated our ability to migrate to avoid starvation. Quan Quan and myself were forced to turn ourselves in on the Wolong Nature Reserve in Sichuan Province in March 1984. We were on the verge of death from malnutrition.

N.E.: Do you in any way blame the Communist regime for your fate?

Q.Q.: No, categorically not!

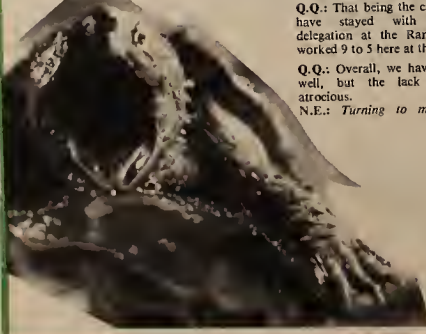
Q.Q.: A capitalist regime would have shown even less regard for the panda. Furthermore, our huge food consumption, 18 kilos of bamboo per day which requires 12-16 hours to eat, our poor eyesight, and our limited (three day) mating period, unfortunately, all place us in an evolutionary dead end. Without continued government support, our existence is highly unlikely.

N.E.: How does it feel to preside over the extinction of your species?

Q.Q.: Better than participating in it!

Q.Q.: We believe our work with the WWF and the CWCA will benefit our fellow pandas. Similarly 15 percent of the proceeds of all promotional items sold go towards helping poverty-stricken pandas.

N.E.: Quing Quing and Quan Quan, thank you for your hospitality and your time. Before I leave, let me just add that I love the two-tone look.





# Reptiles Dominate the Fuzzy Abode



tiles and amphibians deserve to be respected, but not despised. During a recent school visit Vickberg brought a turtle to the fore and was asked by one bewildered child, "How do you make one of those things?"

Comments such as these confirm Vickberg's belief that very few people comprehend what reptiles, in particular, are all about.

"They are always associated with evil," she mused, staring into the solemn eyes of Clyde, her Common Snapping Turtle. "Mythology has given them a very bad reputation."

However, as Vickberg readily contends, humans could stand to learn a great deal from their scaly cohabitants. Her Spectacled Caiman, for example, has roots that go back much further than man's. The Crocodilians, among which the Caiman belongs, existed pretty much in their present form alongside the dinosaurs over 200 million years ago.

The Caiman's ancestors watched as the dinosaurs sunk into oblivion, survived climatic changes and the apparent splitting of massive bodies of land, and withstood the arrival and takeover of the conquering mammals

for millions of years until the arrival of modern hide-hunting man, now the most dangerous threat.

Adaptation, it seems, has been the key to the survival of all reptiles. The Crocodilians appear to have kept moving throughout the world, in order to survive environmental alterations. Turtles, on the other hand, adapted by forming a hard shell around their eggs to avoid predation, and around their bodies to avoid drying up.

"Many lizards," Vickberg added, "are capable of dropping their tails when they are endangered." As a result, species such as her Green Iguana, which is hunted heavily for its tender meat in Mexico, have managed to avoid what may have been otherwise certain extinction.

Despite their incredible ability to survive, however, both reptiles and amphibians continue to have their numbers sliced dramatically by man.

"He is slowly beginning to usurp their natural environment," said Vickberg. "Their habitat is being replaced by housing, and someone has to provide the conditions for them to reproduce."

Recent success in this area has made many years of devotion all the more worthwhile for Vickberg. Although she has managed to breed lizards and turtles before, she considers her latest offspring, 18 Blandings Turtles, to be her pride and joy. If she is able to release several into the wild a long-term goal will have been met.

Any positive results Vickberg and Friend get from their breeding attempts can be attributed for the most part to the time and expense they commit to their hobby. In an attempt to recreate the natural habitat of many of their turtles, for example, the couple have employed the use of sand, wood chips, moss, soil, filtered ponds, and plants, making the animals feel right at home. As a result, their basement is essentially a series of mini bogs, rain forests, and deserts that are kept extremely clean and well organized. The comfort of the animals is quite obviously the number one priority.

The cost of providing such conditions, however, would be enough to scare off even the most avid rare beast enthusiasts. Vickberg purposely avoids tallying her expenses, but admits that lights, food, bedding, cages, and electricity bills, not to mention the regular veterinary charges and the cost of the animals themselves, make the investment a serious one indeed.

Fortunately, however, Vickberg and Friend are not plagued by the worry of legal problems and health standards. Their creatures have been inspected by the RCMP as well as local health officials and have been given the okay. While the license does not allow them to harbour such animals as oxen, sheep, goats, and ducks, they are considered quite qualified to keep the animals that they have.

Vickberg, in fact, would not be opposed to bylaws that make inspection of all exotic pet collections mandatory. While it would screen out the



less than serious collectors it would also, she added, "alleviate any fears of disease we have."

"This hobby has evolved to a great extent over the last ten years," Vickberg added. She alluded to the fact that breeders across North America are beginning to compare their findings and are keeping in touch. In addition, exotic reptiles are no longer readily available in pet stores for the casual, and far too often ignorant, shopper to purchase. As a result, the few reptile collectors who have met with a degree of success appear to be gradually realizing their importance. Only time will tell, though, whether or not their efforts will ever persuade people to think of reptiles as anything but disgusting and evil.

"We are so concerned with keeping ourselves alive," said Vickberg, "that we often forget we are not the only creatures on this planet with a purpose."

With a wistful glance towards her pristine looking tortoises, who were busy tearing away at a breakfast of fresh melon, she added, "if there is extraterrestrial life how do we know they won't come to earth looking for turtles, not people."



# Lifesize

## Mary Di Michele: Interpreting Visions

By Karen Hoffmann

This poem leads you as formal as a footman through the doors of perception and into a hall where it introduces you to the poet who is displayed

like a mantis in amber,  
like a beetle in resin,  
like a fly suspended  
in a web of seed pears,

housed in the four-chambered heart of a ruby.

"Heart of a Ruby" by Mary Di Michele in *Tree of August*

Although room 2035, New College, does not much resemble the "four chambered heart of a ruby," it does house Mary Di Michele, past graduate and U. of T.'s current writer-in-residence. Ms. Di Michele is a Canadian poet of strong Italian background who has published four poetry books as well as appearing in many magazines and some prestigious anthologies. She has also won three writing awards. At present, Ms. Di Michele is hard at work on a novel, and is thus well-qualified to give editorial and other assistance to student writers. Ms. Di Michele finds writing "an exhilarating but rather lonely experience," and thus "enjoys meeting and talking to students." Office hours are 1:00-4:00 on Tuesdays and Thursdays. If this time is awkward for you, a more mutually convenient time to meet may be arranged by calling Ms. Di Michele at 978-5371. Don't be shy about approaching Ms. Di Michele as she is a very easy and helpful person to talk to.

N.E.: Have you always written?

M.D.M.: Yes, as a child, writing offered a pleasure outside of assignments. Obsession with writing is what makes a writer; maybe that's what I could tell to writers. There are lots of obstacles in the profession or priesthood of writing. To be a writer, one must take a vow of poverty and must love it, especially if one is a poet.

N.E.: Do you write poetry?



plined manner or is it a very spontaneous process?

M.D.M.: Of course there is an element of spontaneity in any piece of writing, but the actual product takes a lot of work including much writing and rewriting. Writing poetry has its mysteries but it is a discipline. Again this goes back to the idea of the priesthood.

I try to work every day. Even if I am not actually working on a piece, I read or keep a notebook. One needs a lot of quiet time to write poetry and as Margaret Atwood once said, "To a banker, it looks like you're doing nothing." Starting a piece means getting into a certain psychic space. This involves reading and seeing what one's own experience including one's dreams might lead one into.

N.E.: Who is your favourite writer or poet?

M.D.M.: I can't even say what my favourite song is. Just one song can't satisfy all your needs, neither can one vision of the world.

N.E.: Do you or a more pervasive theme run through your past and/or present work, or do you write about many different things?

M.D.M.: Family relations and sexuality are my two main themes. Sexual politics concern me a lot, and yes, I am a feminist. Although "feminism" is no longer a

fashionable word, there's still work to be done.

N.E.: What has being a woman meant to your poetry? I notice that many of your poems are about being a woman and "The Disgrace". In particular, it is prefaced by the quote, "But there's one disgrace we've never known: we've never been women, we've never been nobodies."

M.D.M.: For me, it is not just a matter of gender being important. Very early in my career, I was trying to find my voice and understand my world and society. I began to question and want to understand the fact that I was a woman, and society's definition of what this involved.

Especially in poetry, there are very few female poets. Poets such as T.S. Eliot write of the male experience. Use of female experience and content was judged domestic because it didn't affect universal experience. At a reading I gave in Halifax, a guy came up to me and objected to poems about the birth of my daughter, asking me why I couldn't write about a more universal experience. Men don't write about war which women don't go to. This is inherent sexism and not misogyny. People consider their own experience important. Thus Hemingway and others could write as men, and other men would find this writing important and relevant.

Earlier, women were forced to walk a thin line. In order to be considered serious, women had to assume an androgynous voice and write like men. Women writers have been castrated. Now, however, women are creating a female tradition portraying a psychic experience that is not just a male one.

N.E.: How has your Italian heritage affected you and your poetry?

M.D.M.: It's been quite important to me. I tried to write for a long time and wrote very abstract pieces. I have a peculiar background having learned English, my intellectual language, when I was six years old. At home, only Italian is spoken, and thus Italian is my domestic and emotional language. To be a writer you have to write with your head and your heart. I had to write about my childhood. I was writing very dry, stiff pieces but as soon as I started writing about my childhood, I broke through and learned how to work. It's like a psychic box. One side breaks through and you can do more. That has happened to me in prose now, too.

N.E.: What does it mean to be a poet in the eighties?

M.D.M.: I think of monks in the middle ages passing down information with illuminated lines. In an age becoming more and more media-oriented, it is important to preserve freedom for individual thinking and experience. One must preserve depth as well as breadth of experience.

N.E.: How do you think you affect your readers?

M.D.M.: I think a writer is a voice for the experience and feelings of many people. I serve to a certain extent as that voice by reflecting the experience of women in my writing. Women's experience gives that other dimension to reality. We know we exist on a daily level but writing and other arts distill and intensify experience.

N.E.: How would you like to be remembered, I think?

M.D.M.: (laughing) I don't like to think about being remembered. It won't make any difference to me. Everyone hopes their work will survive and so will they but everything is mortal. One day it will all be on floppy disks and that will be it.

## Sudsy sleaze rules the airwaves

by Doctor O.

Hi, soap fans. I hope, now that September has drawn to a close, that everyone is reacquainted with his favourite shows. I'm glad to have heard the campus alive and healthy with soap gossip. If you are not yet involved in these afternoon diversions, this is a great time to start, since the regular viewers in your residences, etc. should now be on top of things. Just take it slow and don't ask too many questions when the shows are on. There is nothing worse than explaining a story line that has roots going back five years, while intensely viewing the show.

Enough of the introduction, and let's check on the latest developments. The BIG story this month was Ashley and Victor on Y & R. After waiting for nearly a year, Victor finally spent a night with her. And what a perfect night it was. The two were stranded on the exotic island of Corsica by a rainstorm. They found shelter in a palatial hotel suite, and soon they were sipping fine wine by a romantic fire. Would anything else be suitable for a woman such as Ashley?

However, Jack (Ashley's brother) discovered

the truth of that night, and he is threatening the two with this information. He needs to protect himself from the repercussions of stealing a perfume formula from Jabot (the company Ashley beads and one of the two that employs Jack). At the same time his pursuit of Nicki (Victor's wife) continues. I'm sure he would love to finally steal Nicki away from Victor with this knowledge, but his financial security comes first. Life is tough.

John (Jack and Ashley's father) is finally showing some intestinal fortitude by demanding a divorce from Jill. He also doesn't believe the conniving bitch's supposed "illness". Tyrone is staying in Genoa City, enrolling in law school there and leaving Columbia. Now Amy has a big decision: she must decide between a future lawyer and an illiterate ex-mob henchman.

Which would you take?

On G.H. there has been plenty of action in the "Asian Quarter" with the gang called the Green Shirts. (And I thought green was out this fall.) Donelly has been sprung from jail by Mr. Wop, the head of this gang. Wop plans on using Donelly to recoup the lost jewels which I'm sure are hidden in Robin's doll. Frisco and Felicia

are finally living together. The usually vacuum-headed Bob, Terri, Amy, et. al. are still in fine form. The major disappointment of late has been the absence of my personal favourite, Celia. With Holly gone, the show is starting to lack in beautiful women.

This brings me to this month's beef. It is about the overabundance of commercials for a certain product. All my female readers who ride motorcots, play roller ball, or skydive know what I'm talking about, but I'm sure most other readers also understand. These advertisements in no manner pertain to the products they try to peddle. The idea that these senseless thirty second spots can influence the purchasing decisions of anyone insults the intelligence of a large portion of the population. Although beer and Coke/Pepsi commercials also don't pertain to their product, at least they are entertaining. There must be some C.R.T.C. regulation that could be invoked to rid the air waves of this plague of insipid advertisements. If anyone out there can help me in my plight, please let me know.

Until next month, happy viewing.



# To eat or not to eat, where is the question?

By Terry Parkinson

The old "no brakee" line may have helped stop the snickering in your last class, but, let's face it, the reason why your ol' stomach is a' rumblin' and growlin' so loudly is because you are starving!

If it's breakfast you're looking for, then you really should check out either the Arbor Room at Hart House or the Sid Smith cafeteria; both open at 8 a.m. Your best choice, however, would probably be the New College Snack Bar that offers a breakfast special which includes 2 eggs, bacon, toast, tomato slices, and a beverage. It's a pretty good deal for only \$2.65. The only problem here, though, is that breakfast is only served from 9:30-11:30 a.m.

If it's lunch you're after, why not track on over to Innis? The entrees there may be a little more expensive, ranging in price from \$2.75 for lasagna to \$4.50 for canneloni, but the extra large helpings are well worth it. However, at Innis, hours are not suitable for everyone. Lunch, the only meal available, is served from 11:30-2 p.m. However, beer is available from 11-3 p.m. and Innis is

planning on extending its hours in October, and sandwiches will be available from 3 until 6 P.M.

The Great Hall at Hart House also serves a hearty lunch from 11:30-2, and also serves pretty much the same menu again for dinner from 4:30-6:30. Let's face it, eating in the Great Hall adds a little more atmosphere to just about anything they can dish out to you!

The cafeteria at Sid Smith offers quite a variety of dishes not found anywhere else, such as sandwiches made to order and a large assortment of vegetarian dishes as well. If calories are not a major concern for you, then one of the many homemade desserts at Sid Smith, especially the cherry cheesecake made fresh daily, will be especially hard to resist.

Of course, there are always the old standbys like hamburgers and french fries available at New College's Snack Bar, Trinity's the Buttery (don't let the name fool you), and the Arbor Room.

If you're a late night eater, the cafeteria at Roberts Library is open until 11 p.m. So is the Buttery, found in the Larkin Building, but the food

there is best left unopened. The Arbor Room is open until 11:30 most nights and even serves food from 11-5 on Saturday and Sunday!

When comparing the various cafeterias on campus, the differences seem to be fairly minimal. Most of us usually go to whichever one is the closest at that particular moment. The food is, let's face it, cafeteria food. The only exceptions are Innis and the Great Hall, where the food almost resembles something you might find at home.

Overall, what tends to rile people most about the cafeterias on campus are the actual food prices. You'd think that with what we pay in other costs year-round just in order to get an education, we'd be able to find some sort of a subsidized program. With the food prices on campus being what they are, it's no wonder most of us choose to eat at the fast food restaurants along Bloor St. And is it a surprise to any of us that Pizza Piz-za has so many locations in Toronto "to serve you." Even worse than all this, we actually seem to like what comes out of the grease trucks on St. George!

The cafeterias on campus are used mainly because they are convenient, and, believe it or not, some people actually like the food that's served. Who am I to judge? I eat at McDonalds!

**Hours for the cafeterias:**  
The Arbor Room at Hart House: (liquor available)  
8:10-30 p.m. Mondays, 8-11:30 p.m. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 8-12:30 Thursday and Friday, 11-5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday  
The Great Hall at Hart House: 11:30-2 p.m. and 4:30-6:30 p.m. Monday to Friday.

Innis: 11:30-2 p.m., 3-6 p.m. sandwiches only. Liquor available 11-6 p.m.  
New College Snack Bar in Wilson Hall: 9:30-7:30 p.m. Monday to Friday.  
Roberts Library: 8:30-11 p.m. Monday to Thursday, 8:30-6 p.m. Friday.  
Sid Smith: 8-7 p.m. Monday to Friday. Liquor Available.  
Trinity, the Buttery in Larkin Bldg: 8:30-11 p.m. Monday to Thursday, 8:30-3:30 p.m. Friday.

## GNUS



**Goliath missing the gnus** is  
Have you seen Goliath? N.C.'s lost mascot has been stolen. Get mail if we work together he can be recovered. Watch for details.

**Buy your N.C. clothes**  
N.C. Boar shirts on sale now only \$10 in the N.C.S.C. office (room 207). Ragged shirts and sweat shirts are coming soon.

**The Jacob Bronowski Memorial Lecture 1985**  
This year's speaker is Nils J. Nilsson on "Fantasy, Copulation, and Reality" 8:00 p.m. Wednesday, November 6, 1985, in the Wilson Hall.

**New Faces**  
College's Theatre production N.C.S.C. is looking for innovative performers to produce new faces. If you are interested leave your name and phone number in the N.C.S.C. office (room 207).

**Women's New College**

**Games Night**  
Come out and play board games. Drink free pop and eat free chips. Prizes! Fun for Wilson Hall Snack Bar Wed., Oct. 16, 1985

**Twelfth Night**  
Don't miss this chance to culture some brain cells. Only \$12 for ticket and transportation to Stratford (and back). Friday October 4, 1985. Back in time to unculture some brain cells at Roscoe's.

**Coffee House**  
New College's awesome talent show will be Sunday October 27. All acts, wishing to participate, must be submitted to Brian D'Costa, (Box 51, Wemore Hall)

**Halloween Dance**  
Oct. 26, 1985 Wemore Hall  
Yes, it is scary. Frigidly mysterious costumes. Must be announced. Prices for beer.

**Homecoming Float**  
Everyone's help needed to build the best float on campus. Exact details of the float are confidential at this time...  
Homecoming parade is Sat. Oct. 19, 1985. Watch the parade and then witness the destruction of Waterloo by Oct. 15.

**We want you!**  
There are still open positions on N.C.S.C. (New College Student Council) for first year representatives. Inquire in the N.C.S.C. office (room 207).

**Tennis-Doubles Tournament**  
Oct. 21-25 p.m. Sign up by Oct. 15.

**Squash Div. 1, II, III**  
Sign up by Nov. 18.

**Swim Meet**  
Wed. Nov. 13 & 10 p.m.

**New College Clubs**  
If you play an instrument, come out and be a part of it. Every Sunday at 8:00 p.m. room 51C. New members welcome.

**New College Performance Ensemble**  
Don't just argue about it, become a master debater. Meet every Tuesday at 7:00 p.m. room 521. New members always welcome.

**Record Lending Library**  
Borrow over 800 albums (not a record). Memberships are \$4.00 for New College Members.

**Nuances**  
(New College's annual literary review)  
If you can write poetry or prose, draw or take photographs, you can be a part of it. Come to the workshops (every Tuesday at 8:00 p.m. in the Wilson Hall second floor common room until the end of October) and submit your work or submit work in the N.C.S.C. office.

# GHOUT FLOCKS

## Ghoul Flicks Made Fall Comeback

### More Brains, More Laughs

By Barry Brimbecon

According to writer-director Dan D'Bannon, his latest feature, *Return of the Living Dead*, "is going to be the ultimate thriller...it's the public will find it a very frightening film."

If Dan is serious about this assertion, then he definitely needs help in a big way. *Return of the Living Dead* is one of this year's funniest movies, a comedy which, intentionally or not, makes fun of the whole horror movie genre and the people who watch such films.

Consider the plot: a deadly, corpse-reviving gas is released in a graveyard on the very night that a gang of hard core punks decides to party in that same graveyard. In a matter of a few hours, most of the punks have had their brains eaten by zombies (apparently such a meal eases the pain of being dead), despite their valiant ef-

forts to save themselves. Finally, the U.S. Army comes to the rescue of the living world by (get this) nuking Louisville.

The most interesting characters are, as you might expect, the zombies. Consider the words of acid-blinded zombie Freddie (Thom Matthews) as he gropes for his former girlfriend (Beverly Randolph). "You know I love you and I know you're up there because I can smell your brains!" This constitutes a major speech for a zombie; most are relegated to very minor speaking roles, having only to gleefully exclaim, "More brains!" when confronted by living people.

Whether intentionally hilarious or not, this film is definitely one not to be missed. *Return of the Living Dead* was too good to be bad and bad to be good. On that basis alone it gets full marks.



## Slumber Party Massacred

By Barry Brimbecon

You know that a movie is going to be bad when the audience consists of only six people and two of them came with you. And so it was with *Slumber Party Massacre*, the latest offering from whoever those people are who have been releasing a different film treatment of the same drama story (psychic girls) for the past five or six years.

By now, everyone is familiar with the structure of these movies: girls wearing next to nothing jump around, take off what little clothes they have on, and are systematically killed in some gruesome manner by a psychotic killer. One pretty girl (who invariably is attracted to neither the prospect of smoking marijuana nor engaging in sexual acrobatics with her boyfriend) survives the carnage, usually by virtue of the fact that it is she who dispatches the aforementioned psychotic, usually with an axe, power tool, or machete.

It is a mystery why people who can raise enough money to commit such trash to celluloid cannot lay their hands on a decent story, or any story

for that matter. *Slumber Party Massacre* doesn't really seem to even have one: the psycho escapes from jail; the psycho kills all the girls at a slumber party; the girl next door kills the psycho. The complexity of this plot staggers the imagination.

As is usual for these movies, the psycho is, plain and simple, a psycho.

We don't know why this man kills people with a large power drill, and ultimately we don't care.

Even less time is spent worrying about the girls. They exist in the world of this film simply so that they can stand around naked and later contribute to the body count. Acting talent is not a prerequisite for starring in these movies; large breasts and a piercing scream are.

Perhaps the scariest aspect of *Slumber Party Massacre* is that it was made at all. This is not a good horror movie, genuine tension and viewer involvement failing to be invoked. This is not even a so-bad-that-it's-good horror movie, along the lines of the *Friday the 13th* flicks. So why was this movie made? A good question, and one that all producers of such shoddy cinematic waste should ask themselves.



## Lost in the USA

By Paolo Dottori

It is both a refreshing surprise and a mixed blessing to see a few excellent albums enjoying the same commercial success atop the musical wasteland of the U.S. charts. The accompanying share of the limelight is well-deserved for these performers and a taste of something different and special for the masses.

You know the American sports media well for their total ignorance of Toronto's league-leading Jays. Well, the music media has been as myopic when not hyping-up entertainment's version of the Yanks, Bruce Springsteen. For example, to paraphrase one of the hosts of T.V.'s *Solid Gold*: "It is good to see a new band making it big with their first single" referring to Simple Minds' "Don't You" (1985). That's pathetic! That's what I'm pleased when a deserving band gets the sales, record contracts and some recognition.

UP-and-coming *Fables of the Reconstruction* is a solidly written and produced true-to-form R.E.M. guitar-clanger. Profound, insightful lyrics are blended well into the almost folkish sounds of the rhythmic guitar strains. Look for "Can't Get There From Here" to produce some strong chart action. Truly surprising is the fact

that this band was bred in the Great Molting Pot.

What more can be said about *Songs From the Big Chair*? I'm glad "T. for F." are getting rich but some of these songs were just too good to be garotted by the pulp-minded AM hourly regurgitation. AM radio is like P.J. Bulterney in that both add insult to injury by compromising our intelligence and reminding us that we paid (voted) for it. Aren't we all tired of recycled trash from musicians turned con-artists such as John Mellencamp, Wham!, M.J., Madonna and that musical slut Billy Joel? When the artist claims to have "fallen into a groove", in most cases their musical integrity surely hasn't followed them onto the vinyl.

But back to the good news: Sting's intelligent *Dream of the Blue Turtles* should be bought solely for "Russians"—a stinging (no pun intended) message rich in melody, meaning and a booming undercurrent of pure dark rhythm. Add to this the R&B influenced "If You Love Somebody", the potent "Love Is the Seventh Wave", and the album looks even better. Still not enough? Wynton's gifted younger brother Branford Marsalis adds on sax to the backing of young jazz greats: Dmar Hakim, bassist Darryl Jones and keyboardist Kenny Kirkland.

Finally, *Diré Straits' Brothers in Arms* is the

type of album you buy on the day of release (without having heard a single track). It parallels the way you savour a new tropical drink or the way you first tried a Labatt's classic. After the legendary "Sultans of Swing", the phenomenally melodic and emotional "Love Over Gold" and the beautifully romantic "The Long Road" (movie Cal soundtrack) and a brilliant production of Aztec Camera's *Knife*, there is no conclusion but that Mark Knopfler is a one-in-a-billion musical prodigy.

Granted, this new album may be a slight bit simpler (more commercially oriented) than any of their previous exploits, but it is still amazingly stimulating. The lead tracks, "Walk of Life" and "Money for Nothing" mimic "Twistin' by the Pool" with their infectiously lively body grabbing sounds. And "So Far Away" sweeps you as far away romantically as great ballads can.

Diré Straits have apparently solved the riddle of how to deliver something thoughtful that is a pleasure for our senses to behold.

Since music is one of the greatest sensory pleasures that we know, we're entitled to our quests for new, inspiring sounds, so let's praise the artists who treat us to some stimulating tunes that make us feel good, because isn't that what it's all about.



# Open The Box

By Dave Wade and John Wadd

Things like this are often prone to disappointment. After a week of orientation—and all that goes with it, what is one to do on the first weekend after classes have started? Weekends, of course, begin Thursday nights at U. of T., so off we went on September 12 to check out the Diamond Club and more importantly, the Box.

The Box is a five-man band from Montreal known by casual listeners as "Men Without Hats" (talent). This unfair comparison is compounded by the fact that lead singer Jean Marc was a member of "the Hats" until 1980. The Box, however, is influenced more by the progressive style of the early '70s than the cynical dance era of the '80s.

Playing at the Diamond may not help them shake this false image, what with the DJs' booth covered in what looks like pale-yellow sperm, and the playlist featuring Madonna, the Pointer Sisters, and Wham. The show and energy the Box puts out can't hurt though.

The enthusiastic, near-capacity crowd danced throughout the 80 minute set. It's hard not to dance to these pioneers of new age mimicry. While they have yet to gain the international exposure they deserve, the narrative style and precision this band

combines with their funky rhythm section gives them a promising future.

The highlights of the evening were definitely the three singles from the first album (called *The Box*: "Walk Away," "Must I Always Remember," and "Live on TV (you can watch them die)"). The new material from the Box's second album *All the Time* stood up very well in comparison. The new single "With All This Cash" may be the song to put this band on the map outside of Canada.

The irony of this is that "With All This Cash" is a song about the trappings of being rock stars, something which all members of the band are quick to point out they are not when you speak to them. The Box seems to look at mainstream success with some mistrust.

While they may welcome the benefits of any new-found popularity, they are not willing to force their ideas and ideals. The Box's successful show at their first headlining performance in Toronto left their fans anxiously waiting for a larger and more appropriate venue. "It also left us feeling refreshed and satisfied. Our earlier trepidation about visiting the Diamond so soon after the depression felt when classes started were for the most part unsubstantiated, thanks to the Box."

## Sibling Bands Go Separate Directions

By Dave Wade and John Wadd

After being delightfully surprised that former members of Men Without Hats (talent) *Hats* (The Box at the Diamond; see above), could put on such an enjoyable show, we were more than anxious to see *Rational Youth*, also offsprings of MWT, at the Copa last Tuesday.

The "grand entrance" of *Rational Youth* to the Copa stage (three remarkably intoxicated fans clapping wildly), set a blistering pace for the show. Lead singer, Tracy Howe's voice was more monotone and flat, less than on disc (a testimony to what dubbing, overdubbing, and voice boxes are capable of—in modern technology, amazing). He had this stage presence of a cow in a pasture munching some grass; one difference being that to get a cow to lift her head

in recognition, one must yell or clap. Hence, since there was none of the former on Tuesday, this explains Mr. Howe's indifference.

The music seemed to remain on a single plane: no deviance, momentary highs or lows, just a similar sound song after song. The only bright light of the evening were the bassist and drummer (formerly of *Bliss Peter*, whose names escape me). Looking at them made me trip down memory lane, thinking of the "boppy," professional and musically sharp shows of *Bliss Peter*—perhaps the perfect contrast to *RY* last Tuesday.

In a last ditch effort to save the legs, one of the *Bliss Peter* guys came on for the one (that's getting your money's worth) song encore. To that we have to say, "Nash we know, times are tough, but you don't have

# Wadd and Wade on the town

By Dave Wade

**Editor's note:** The bands and the people mentioned are real, but the names may have been changed to protect the innocent.

We weren't ready for this at all. Thanks to a cheap trick, however, I rushed to the Bronx in what I thought was an emergency appearance. Getting there, I saw Bob, Deerhead, and Wad pouring back 89¢ drafts. There was no way to leave until the night had ended.

The first band to take the stage was The Shuffle Demons (see business card attached). A group of hipper-than-thou former street musicians; made up of Stitch on drums, Jim on bass, and Dave, Mike, and Richard on sax, these guys had just returned from Europe and their attire showed it: berets, hawaiian shirts, baggy pan-

ts, and sunglasses.

Fun, fun, fun. These guys sure enjoyed themselves, even if no one else did. Their set of unrecognizable covers and originals was highlighted by their signature tune, "Spadina Bus." Talking to the Demons was more than an adventure, however. Categorize them among those made angry by the dirge of new age pop conservatism. Happy to see Deerhead with his Velvet Underground shades, they told us the berets they wore were significant of the peacenik attitude of the Napoleonic age.

The second band was known as Crazy Rhythm. A group of young, up-and-comers who had no right to be on the same stage with the great Slim Gaillard, a man in his 70s who could still down a beer bought for him in less than three seconds.

Crazy Rhythm offered Blues Brothers-like jazz/blues fusion. Maybe it was the the three piece outfit of Brian Ogilvy or the brass section of sax, sax, and trumpet, more likely the fact we'd been drinking for four hours, but I have no idea why the Blues Brothers would spring to mind.

We did meet the band and was it ever a disappointment. They tried to act like Prince (sans bodyguards)—arrogant and unfriendly, ensuring that their reputation outshone their lackadaisical performance (and the crowds as well).

What else can you say about Crazy Rhythm? Some good advice would be to tell the blonde-haired, preppy trumpeter to look for a small part in an *Animal House* or *Up the Creek* remake. Shut up and let Slim play—after all he'd just returned from a 14 hour flight from France where he was making a movie with Bowie.

Another thing, guys, we met your wives and they didn't seem the least bit impressed by your foray into art-deco jazz. Let that be a lesson to us all.

(to stoop so low.)

Seeing buttons bearing "Save the Copa" throughout the campus seems to convey a good interest for the city—if the Copa is looking out for their best interest, don't rebuke *Rational Youth*.

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## Cider House a Gripping Portrayal

By Sharyl Hudson

John Irving, the well known author of *The World According to Garp* and *Hotel New Hampshire*, has tackled and embraced a not-so-charming issue with a fair degree of aplomb. His new novel, *The Cider House Rules*, takes a huge bite out of the apple and deals head on with the still turbulent and controversial subject of abortion, while maintaining a humour that is both articulate and biting. Both sides of the coin are graphically revealed, one side being equally as disturbing as the other.

The book begins by introducing Dr. Larch, an ether addict who calls his efforts "the Lord's work" and, as well as running an abortion clinic, he also runs an orphanage for those women who wish to have and leave their babies at "St. Cloud's" under the careless but loving supervision of Nurse Angela and Nurse Edna.

Homer Wells, one of the orphans who chooses to remain at St. Cloud's where conditions are much safer than at any of his adopted households, becomes Dr. Larch's protégé and is nicknamed "the young Dr. Wells."

After having witnessed the fetus of a woman who had stabbed herself in order to terminate an almost full-term pregnancy, Homer decides that Dr. Larch's work is not Homer's work and determines to leave St. Cloud's and his past behind him. Melony, another St. Cloud's orphan is forced to leave the institution in search of the Homer that had promised never to leave her behind.

Thus begins Homer Wells' search for himself and for his own set of rules. (The classic analogy here may well be to the Greek poet and author Homer who wrote of heroes' travels and adventures in the epic sagas of *The Odyssey* and *The Iliad*.)

Homer and Melony find themselves in the apple orchards of Maine among

a set of toughs, only Homer fares more evenly with Candy Worthington whom he has fallen in love with, and whose husband probably will not return home from war.

Homer and Candy eventually have a child together while poor Melony gives up on Homer and becomes a lesbian and a tough. The husband eventually does return to Candy and the three of them (the husband is wheelchair bound) are forced to raise the child together.

Although it's a difficult situation to say the least, Homer watches as his child grows up with the love and attention of two fathers as opposed to no father. Melony eventually finds Homer and hits him with some bitter truths, one being that he is not the hero she thought he would turn out to be and that he has been living a purposeless life in trying to ignore his past and everything that he was—his is, and always will be, an orphan.

The question of whether or not

Homer should return to St. Cloud's to carry on "the Lord's work" is carefully asked by the author as Homer begins to realize more fully the realities of the orphan.

Meanwhile, Dr. Larch, who can no longer run the practice on his own, makes a plea to President Roosevelt in his frustration and desperation. He says that, "...Those same people who profess their love of the unborn's soul—they don't care to make much of a contribution to the poor... How do they justify such a concern for the fetus and lack of concern for unwanted and abused children?"

Although John Irving's wonderful sense of humour and empathy for the human condition seems to glow in every piece of work he does, this book is a serious and committed attempt to explore the plight of the orphan, the plight of the human being with seemingly and sadly no roots. It is the plight of the living and the breathing, and finally the unwanted.

# RECORDS

By Dave Warr

**Midnight Oil: "Red Sails in the Sunset"** (Columbia Records)

It seems that Australia's Midnight Oil have finally found a market in North America. Fueled by a summer concert run opening for UB40, Midnight Oil has taken off where the Clash died. *Red Sails in the Sunset* confirms them as the new champions of heavyweight "poli-rock."

Featuring heavy emphasis on rhythm and lead singer Peter Garrett's half chant/half singing, *Red Sails* is the album that wakes us all up from our apathetic sleep and trust in the establishment. "Best of Both Worlds," the first single, is about as indicative of Midnight Oil's style as any of the other tracks. Crashing, thrashing bass and drums with Garrett's shouted cynicism attempt to make us sit up and take notice.

This isn't just trendy, anti-American rhetoric, however. Garri-

a former law student, ran for the Australian Senate for the Disarmament Party in the last elections. Cynical and arrogant, yes, but damn intelligent as well. The lyric sheet from *Red Sails* is evidence enough. For example, "Minutes to Midnight" features the lines:

Everybody say God is a Good man  
Everybody say 1,2,3

Set up these gunights in H.G. Wells' backyard  
ICBMs, SS-20s, they lie so dormant,  
they got so many.

Every song on this album has something to say, so if you don't go for this kind of thing, stay away. For those of us who wonder where the Clash went to, and are looking for a suitable replacement, look no further. Give Midnight Oil a listen at an appropriately high volume and put on your combat fatigues—the revolution may be here after all.



shriekback: oil and gold



Everyone's favourite non-mainstream band (remember the singles "All Lined up" and "Mercy Dash") are back with their best album yet. Shriekback, featuring ex-XTer. Barry Andrews and Dave Allen from Gang of Four have made the record of 1985.

*Oil and Gold*, like the the album with snakes covered in feathers, is a paradoxical statement on human nature and the state of today's music. Pessimism and post-punk anti-humaneness abound, as do dancebeats, half-whispered vocals and a theme of man's oncoming demise.

Unlike the band's previous albums, live drummers are used instead of a machine. Shriekback never wanted to sound human, but as things often happen the practise of using drum machines has become so widespread and redundant that Martin Barker was invited to join the group. Needless to say, Barker's contribution to *Oil and Gold* was a key factor in

making this album what it is.

Each track is outstanding, but it is the slower songs that intrigue the most. Since the lyric sheet is printed in hieroglyphics the listener is forced to actually *listen* to the words of the songs. "Faded Flowers" begins:

This is the sound of poisons  
the sickness no one knows

No one is crying for us this time  
Our shapes are blurring under  
miracles of snow

Similarly, "The Only Thing That Shines" and "This Big Hustl" must be listened to repeatedly to be appreciated. The faster tracks may grab your initial attention, but it is the slower songs that stand up after continual sittings.

Shriekback played in front of a sold out show at The Diamond on October 8 and will open for Simple Minds at Maple Leaf Gardens November 8, providing plenty of time to pick up the album before witnessing the band's live performance.

**Cocoteau Twins: *Treasure*** (Polygram/Vertigo)

Vastly different from Midnight Oil, this British band's latest album *Treasure* is an ethereal study of incessant tracks that are great for those times when you're slitting alone in a state of depression. It is amazing that this album was enjoyed as much as it was after listening to the hard-edged Midnight Oil album. The calibre of the Cocoteau Twins' *Treasure* is the main reason that this was so.

*Treasure* has the ability to uplift one's spirit. It is not light, however. The overlapped harmonies and

heavenly melodies transpose what is commonly considered uplifting music.

*Treasure* could be at home in a cathedral or an opium den. Fascinating and moody, *Treasure* reaches out to the passive spirit and tranquilizes the soul. It is not melancholy like last year's aptly titled *It'll End in Tears* from This Mortal Coil (which the Cocoteaus were a major ingredient of), yet the same hollowiness and mollification permeates both albums. This is music to listen to, not to dance to. Mark down *Treasure* as one of the summer's most obsessing, if least heard of, albums.

By Angelo Vesovsky

The New York audience and critics could not believe their good fortune. They had come to the prestigious Avery Fisher Hall to hear the great young trumpeter Wynton Marsalis. Instead, they were stunned by the opening performance of a thin young man with the electric guitar. In thirty minutes, Stanley Jordan had managed to turn the guitar world on its ear. He had established himself as the most innovative guitarist since the late Jimi Hendrix.

The revolutionary approach of Stanley Jordan is quite apparent in this, his second album. Regardless of the type of track, whether jazz, rock, funk, or the blues, Jordan places his own distinctive stamp on each per-

formance. Without overdubbing or using electronic trickery, Jordan creates two distinct guitar lines at a level of musical complexity which was previously possible only with the use of keyboard instruments.

The Jordan technique is perfect for the selections of this album. His daring renditions of the Beatles classic "Eleanor Rigby" and the Michael Jackson hit "The Lady in My Life" show that Jordan does not think he is above pop music, while his own compositions "All the Children" and "Fandance" indicate such diverse influences as boogie and African tribal music. The greatest vehicles for Jordan, however, are Miles Davis' standard "Freddie Freeloader" and Thelonious Monk's "Round Mid-



night." Those two tracks illustrate that Jordan's virtuosity does not inhibit his ability to convey emotions through his music. Jordan seems to have both the mechanical precision of a classical musician with the heartfelt

emotions of a mature bluesman.

This album is by no means perfect, but its flaws are so insignificant when compared to its virtues that it is a must for any collection.



# N.C. Residents Form Core of Football Blues

By Angela D'Arcenio

Paul Burroughs, Dave Abbey, Rob Raycroft, and Pat Vudrag have more in common than merely being N.C. residents—they all belong to the U. of T. Varsity football team. Dave Abbey and Rob Raycroft are both veteran offensive linemen. At 6'4" 270 lbs. and 6'5" 260 lbs., respectively, they form two of the supporting pillars of the offensive line. Abbey, majoring in biochemistry, is in his third year and plays offensive tackle. Raycroft is also in his third year, plays offensive guard, and majors in PHE. Burroughs, at 5'11", 195 lbs., is in his second year of commerce and finance, and is the team's starting defensive end. The final member is freshman Pat Vudrag. At 5'11", 175 lbs., Vudrag is a slotback and plans to major in physics. Last week The New Edition talked to them about big hands, wrestling, posing for the Toronto Sun, and football.

N.E.: The Blues edged McGill in their first exhibition game (13-12) but then they were humiliated 36-9 by Mac in their final exhibition game. In the season opener Western smashed more than 500 yards of total offense and soundly defeated the Varsity Blues. What do you think went wrong in these last two games?

Burroughs: Our defence must learn to come together as a team with each player completing his assigned job on



every play, especially myself.

Abbey: I don't really see a problem with the team that a little bit of extra effort couldn't fix.

Vudrag: We didn't execute as well as we should have. However, as the season progresses I'm sure we'll improve. I really can't make any excuses because we were beaten by two very good teams.

Raycroft: We didn't execute the way we are capable of. We have a solid

team but we are still young and shaken easily, causing us to make to many mental errors. Offensively we moved the ball well. With 400 years in offense, though, you have to score roughly 30-35 points. We didn't. Defensively we have to play our game and not theirs.

N.E.: Paul, last year you were asked to be a Toronto Sun 'Sunshine Boy.' Why did you decline?

Burroughs: It's a bit tacky and besides, I didn't want any blades looking at my bod.

N.E.: Pat, you have been nicknamed "garbage hands." Can you tell us why?

Vudrag: Supposedly because I have pretty good hands and can catch the balls thrown my way.

(Editor's note: Sounds plausible, but our sources tell us that the real reason is because of the girls you hit on.)

N.E.: Are you guys confident the Blues can pull it together? What must be done?

Abbey: Yes, we have a lot of talent and it's just a matter of playing together.

Raycroft: Yes, if we play the way we are capable of playing, we'd be planning our trip to Halifax for the Atlantic Bowl now. We can't afford to make the mistakes we've been making.

Burroughs: Yes, very confident.

Vudrag: We have a young team and as the season progresses we'll gain experience and execute much better.

N.E.: Rob and Dave, nowadays professional wrestling seems to be in vogue. Can you see yourselves as professional wrestlers at some future date?

Raycroft: Sure, what the heck. There are worse jobs you could do.

Abbey: You've got to be kidding. N.E.: Rob, as a Canadian offensive lineman with good size and skill it would appear that you would be a prime CFL prospect in the future.

Have any CFL teams shown an interest in you? Would you like to someday have a shot at pro football? Raycroft: Nobody has said anything to me about the CFL. Again, you can't worry about things like that, you have to take each game at a time.

Nevertheless, I'd love the chance to play pro ball. Who wouldn't? I'll worry about that when the time comes though.

N.E.: Dave, would you like to someday play pro ball?

Abbey: If the opportunity presents itself I would try out, but I'm not depending on it.

N.E.: Paul, do you aspire to play pro football?

Burroughs: I would like to have a shot in the CFL. With three more years of experience and a lot of time spent working on the track, I would be ready to compete for a position in the CFL.

N.E.: Pat, you're a rookie and Dave, you transferred from McGill. Can you tell us why you both decided to come to U. of T.?

Abbey: I couldn't see myself fitting into McGill's scheme for the following years. U. of T. had what I wanted both academically and athletically.

Vudrag: Queens and Western were my other choices. However, U. of T. reputation for academic excellence and the city of Toronto attracted me.

N.E.: Dave, if not playing football, what do you see yourself doing four years from now?

Abbey: Once I graduate I feel I will apply to an MBA program and hopefully I'll be pursuing a career in management in a biochemistry related type of firm.

## N.C. Sports Roundup

### Women's Soccer

Last week marked New College's return to U. of T.'s intramural women's soccer program after a year's absence. rejuvenated by much new blood and a bold desire to win last year's apathy is nowhere to be seen with this energetic squad. The New Tron Bombers' first league game was a mixed success. The girls dominated the action but came up short on the scoreboard. The U.C. team was forced to play most of the game in their own half of the field, but the game's only tally came on a fluke deflection during a rare rush in to the New College zone. The whole team should be congratulated on their spirit and effort. The next league game will have transpired by press time, so with a little bit of luck the next New Edition will be full of good soccer news.

N.B. The teletype has just indicated that the girls have won their second game by default over Denis grads. Friday, September 26 at game time—7:20 am—14 New players and only 6 opponents showed.

### Men's Soccer

Friday, September 20, Gnu's predominantly western men's Division I soccer team took to the pitch to face U.C. Gnu dominated the first half, but their efforts were not reflected on the scoreboard. Late into the second half the score remained 1-0 in favour of U.C. Suddenly, Gnu's saviour did emerge. John Bush, fresh from his promenade through Europe, dribbled two, dribbled around another, and with a rising shot drove the ball past the U.C. keeper. As the whistle sounded to end the draw Bush was asked about his moves. He replied, "I had lots of opportunity to practice them in Europe."

To date the team has recorded a 0-1-1 record, the loss coming from a default to Erindale. When asked about this, the team's coach, Paolo Dottori, claimed that the club had difficulty arranging a trip to that "oasis of the west."

### New Rugby

Contrary to some rumours I've heard, there are some real men at New College—at least the fifteen who form New's impressive rugby side. After defeating their first game against the Pill Counters (because the team was neither notified nor fully formed), they took to the pitch last Tuesday. When they had left thirty minutes later, they had trounced the Wood Cutters 20-3. Captain—though the team's smallest player—Geoff Sternberg led the forwards in an impressive display. The highlight of the game was second-row stand-out Brian D'Costa trampling over the opposition scrum to pounce on a loose ball in the end zone, scoring a try. This phenomenal display of determination and strength was reminiscent of the try which won Wales the Five Nations Cup in the historic match against England in 1978.

The entire team demonstrated its prowess, and issued a loud warning to all comers in Division II play. Now all they need are some real rugby shirts.

### Women's Basketball

Now you can forget about soccer or rugby, and get down to some serious action. New College's Division I women's basketball team posted a pair of impressive pre-season wins over St. Mike's and Vic. The team has a good, balanced attack with a lot of height and speed, but its strong point is definitely defense, since they have yet to allow a point to their opponents in pre-season play.

## BOWLING?

By Clip Muggles

The editors of The New Edition have recently caught wind of information that indicates that the newspaper is preparing a counter-offer to our proposal to hold a steel cage wrestling match in the quad. 'The Big Red One', a source close to the newspaper's guiding troika, suggests that after hours ten-pin bowling is likely to be proposed.

It appears that agent's offering for the newspaper have opened top level negotiations with senior Bowlerama officials who will host the affair. Our source at the newspaper explained that the editors of the newspaper felt safer avoiding a head to head physical confrontation, and believed that they were more likely to succeed at bowling. Unfortunately, these aspiring sportsmen are unaware of the fact that Nigel 'The Mask'

Miller, from Willowdale, Ontario, and Scott 'Tainted' Tuna' Hardie, from the wasteland of St. John New Brunswick, spent the summer barnstorming their way across the midwest bowl-in, brawlin and rollikin.

Consequently, the editors of The New Edition are confident that they will bowl the bejesus out of the newspaper's burly, but beatable veterans. An extensive training regimen involving The Honeymooners! The Flintstones, Stanley Kowalski! and other classic sporting types from the golden years of American bowling auger well for The New Edition's winning tradition.

Bowling is apparently where it's at for one evening late in October. You best believe this is true, or better yet, see it for yourself. I'm Clip Muggles, and I told you first.

